

# His First Whisper of Death

by TMNTfan1

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Family

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-03 01:29:44

Updated: 2014-08-03 01:29:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:21:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,016

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Okay, I know some one else has already done a story similar to this, but I had my own idea for it. Basically it's what happened between Toothless and the Whispering Death from Dragons What Flies Beneath. Please review and let me know what you think :) (Also, I called Toothless 'the little Night Fury' because this is before Hiccup met him and named him) (rated T because of blood)

## His First Whisper of Death

The quiet darkness was broken by a small yawn, and a little, gaping, pink mouth. Two glowing green eyes with large, black pupils blinked open, peering around the darkness of the small cave.

The little Night Fury tilted his head to the side curiously as he gazed through the opening at the front of the cave, the bright half-moon shining high in the sky among the stars. A moment later a shadow swooped down from the sky in front of the moon, wings spread wide and tail seeming to flow behind it gracefully. The little Night Fury's bottom started wriggling excitedly as a small whimper escaped his throat.

The shadow swooped down toward the mountain cave, landing on the rocky cliff at the entrance. The little Night Fury jumped to his feet, bounding excitedly to his mother as she stepped into the cave.

The female Night Fury regarded her son fondly through her pale blue eyes, her lips pulled back in a smile as she nuzzled the top of his head with her nose. Her son's head reached her shoulders and he was about six moon-cycles old (months), meaning he was nearing maturity.

Night Fury's, like all dragons, reach full maturity at one year, but they are solitary dragons. Unlike the other species, who stay in large flocks all their lives, Night Fury's usually leave their mothers' protection at around nine to ten moon-cycles of age. The

only times Night Fury's interact with each other is during mating season. Then, they depart and the females lay a single, black egg, which hatches, and then the mother raises the hatchling alone until its old enough to leave.

The little Night Fury was old enough his mother had taught him how to fly and hunt for his own food, as well as how to control his fire. Several times she'd taken him out to hunt at night, which was when Night Fury's preferred to hunt, but some nights she preferred he stay in the safety of the cave.

When little dragons are too young to come with their mothers to hunt; or, like tonight, they stay at home, their mother coughs up the half digested food she caught, which was normally fish.

And that's what she did, puking up a small pile of half-digested fish onto the cave floor for her son.

The little Night Fury bounced up and down excitedly. Then he rubbed his head affectionately against his mother's chin before digging in. His mother smiled tiredly again at her son before making her way to the back of the cave to lie down.

When the little Night Fury finished his food he trotted to the back of the cave where his mother was curled up on a bed of dried grass. He rubbed his side along his mothers from her flank up to her shoulder before curling up beside her, his nose tucked under his tail-wing. He felt the familiar stroke of his mother's tongue across his head and back, and was soon lulled to sleep.

\*\*~0~\*\*

The little Night Fury scrunched up his face for a moment before slowly blinking open his eyes. They flickered around the cave, trying to find what woke him up, before they landed on his mother.

She was still lying beside him, but her head was up and alert, her body stiff, her ears and head-flaps erect, and her pupils dilated as her head flicked back and forth; as if listening for something and looking for it at the same time. The little Night Fury didn't know what was going on, so he nudged her shoulder with his nose.

His mother looked down at him briefly before she looked around the cave again, her wing coming over him, as if to protect him.

After a moment of confusing silence, there was a low rumbling, mixed with some kind of quiet chirping sound, like a whisper. The little Night Fury looked at the floor in shock, his green eyes wide. His mother was staring down at the floor, too, as she slowly stood up.

It happened so fast, the little Night Fury only saw a blur.

Something smashed up through the cave floor, throwing dirt and rock everywhere. There was a loud cry, like nothing he'd ever heard before. And when the dust cleared enough to see what it was, the little Night Fury cowered back into his mother, who moved to stand over him, snarling at the ferocious beast.

This other dragon was enormous, much larger than the little Night Fury's mother. Its head was a large, green ball with razor-sharp fangs that could easily stab all the way through him. Its mouth was open, and inside were rows upon rows of rotating teeth. Its body was long and slender, like a snake; it had large, green wings; eyes that were red and white, like someone had splattered blood over its eyeballs; and giant spikes completely covered its body.

The dragon roared at the female Night Fury, the sound shaking the cave. She roared back at it before shooting a plasma blast at its face. The force knocked the other dragon into the wall, but it simply shook its enormous head before glaring back at her.

It opened its mouth and shot rings of fire at the black dragon. The Night Fury lifted her wings, forming a wall to block the fire from herself and her son. When the dragon stopped shooting its fire, the female Night Fury shoved her son into the far corner with her back foot before leaping at the other dragon. She managed to shove it to the entrance of the cave before she leapt back and shot her plasma blast at it again.

The dragon roared angrily at her and whipped its tail at her.

She leapt to dodge it, but the tail still knocked her into the back wall.

The little Night Fury whimpered and took a step towards his mother, but she looked over at him and snarled, telling him to stay where he was. She stood up and shook her head, trying to clear away the dizziness from hitting the stone wall. She snarled up at the other dragon.

It roared back at her, its red-and-white eyes narrowed in rage. It whipped its tail at her again, but instead of hitting her, several spines shot out at her.

The Night Fury leapt to one side to dodge them, but one still managed to stab into the front of her left, front leg. She bit back a yelp at the pain, holding the leg up gingerly as she shot another plasma blast at its face.

The dragon backed up a little from the blast before shooting its fire at her again. She leapt to the opposite side of the cave from her son, drawing the dragon's fire. She shot another plasma blast, making the dragon back closer to the entrance.

She growled at it again before leaping at it, once again making it back towards the entrance. Her plan was to shove it out of the cave and then lead it away into the sky where the fight may be more fair.

She shot another plasma blast at the dragon, but it dodged, making the blast shoot out of the cave into the night sky. She snarled in frustration and leapt at the dragon again, raking her claws along its face. She went to bite at its throat, but it whipped its tail at her, the spines stabbing into her body as it knocked her to the ground.

She spun around to face it, shooting yet another plasma blast. This one hit it right between the eyes, sending it flying back to crash

into the wall. It slid down to the ground where it lay panting, its eyes squinted in pain.

The female Night Fury snarled for a moment before looking over her shoulder to make sure her son was okay. The little Night Fury perked up for a moment when he met his mother's eyes. Then his eyes flickered past her and fear took over. He cried out to his mother, but it was too late.

Razor-sharp fangs ripped into her wing, throwing her into the air. She hit the wall just at the entrance way, making her body spin and land just outside of the cave. She shook her head, gritting her teeth in pain as she blinked open her eyes. The other dragon was advancing on her, its mouth wide enough she could see the rows of rotating teeth in its mouth.

She snarled at it before opening her mouth to try and shoot a plasma blast at it. But nothing came out. Her mouth closed and her eyes widened at the realization she'd reached her six-shot limit. The other dragon now hovered over her, glaring her down.

The female Night Fury cowered into the ground, snarling defiantly up at him as she tried to stand up.

The other dragon opened its jaw, about to deal a killing blow, when another plasma blast hit it in the back of the head. Its head snapped around to glare at whoever had dared interrupt it. The little Night Fury stood in the center of the cave, glaring and snarling at the larger dragon. His mother's eyes shone with fear when the large dragon turned and prepared to lunge at the little Night Fury.

She gathered what was left of her strength and leapt towards the larger dragon, sinking her teeth into the dragon's tail. It roared in pain and snapped its head around.

It happened so fast, the little Night Fury couldn't believe it.

The other dragon snapped its head around, and stabbed its enormous, razor-sharp fangs into his mother's body. Her cry of pain was cut off at the sickening crunch, and her body went limp in the dragon's jaws.

The other dragon tossed the Night Fury's lifeless body out onto the ledge outside the cave. It floated over to her body just as the sun rose on the horizon. The dragon shrieked at the light, before tunneling into the rock and disappearing.

When the rumbling faded away, the air was filled with thick, heavy silence. The little Night Fury was frozen, his feet rooted to the ground as he stared at his mother's body. From the back of the cave he could see a puddle of dark red liquid pooling around her body.

A broken whimper escaped the little Night Fury's throat as he hurried to his mother's side. When he reached her he nudged her front leg with his nose. When it dropped back lifelessly he tried nudging her chest. Nothing. He sat down and watched her, hoping to see movement, but still there was nothing.

Finally, he nuzzled his way under her front leg, curling up as close to her belly as possible, just like when he was a baby.

He didn't know how long he stayed there, curled up beside his mother's body as he watched the sun rise out from behind the vast ocean. Deep down, he knew his mother was gone, but at the same time he couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe the sun was actually rising without her alive, like there shouldn't be any light or warmth left in the world without her in it. Night Fury's are known to be 'the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself', but his mother wasn't like that at all. Even as an egg, he always associated her with warmth and protection. She was the only family he'd ever known. And now, she was gone, and he was alone.

He felt his pupils narrow to slits and his teeth slide out of his gums, a snarl rumbling in his chest. That other dragon—he was the one who took his mother away from him. It was all his fault! Because of him, the little Night Fury had experienced his first whisper of death.

And no matter what it takes, whenever the little Night Fury saw that dragon again, he would get his revenge. He would kill him.

End  
file.